



*The Conquest of Canada, or the Siege of Quebec, an Historical Tragedy of Five Acts, by George Cockings, 8vo., hf. calf, very rare, unknown to Rich.* Lond. 1766

A very rare and curious production. The following extract will give some idea of the *Poetry*. The Lady Abbess at Quebec is comforting her nuns, who dread falling into the hands of the English; she reassures them and says:

"What the whole Nation is I

Cannot say, but I'm told by a Lady,  
Who was at Louisburg taken by them,  
That the officers behaved with the greatest  
Civility and Politeness to all,  
But in a more peculiar manner, to  
The Religious Ladies and Orders, of  
All sorts; kept the strictest decorum in  
The Town, among the Soldiers, and stuck most  
Honorably to their Capitulation, &c.

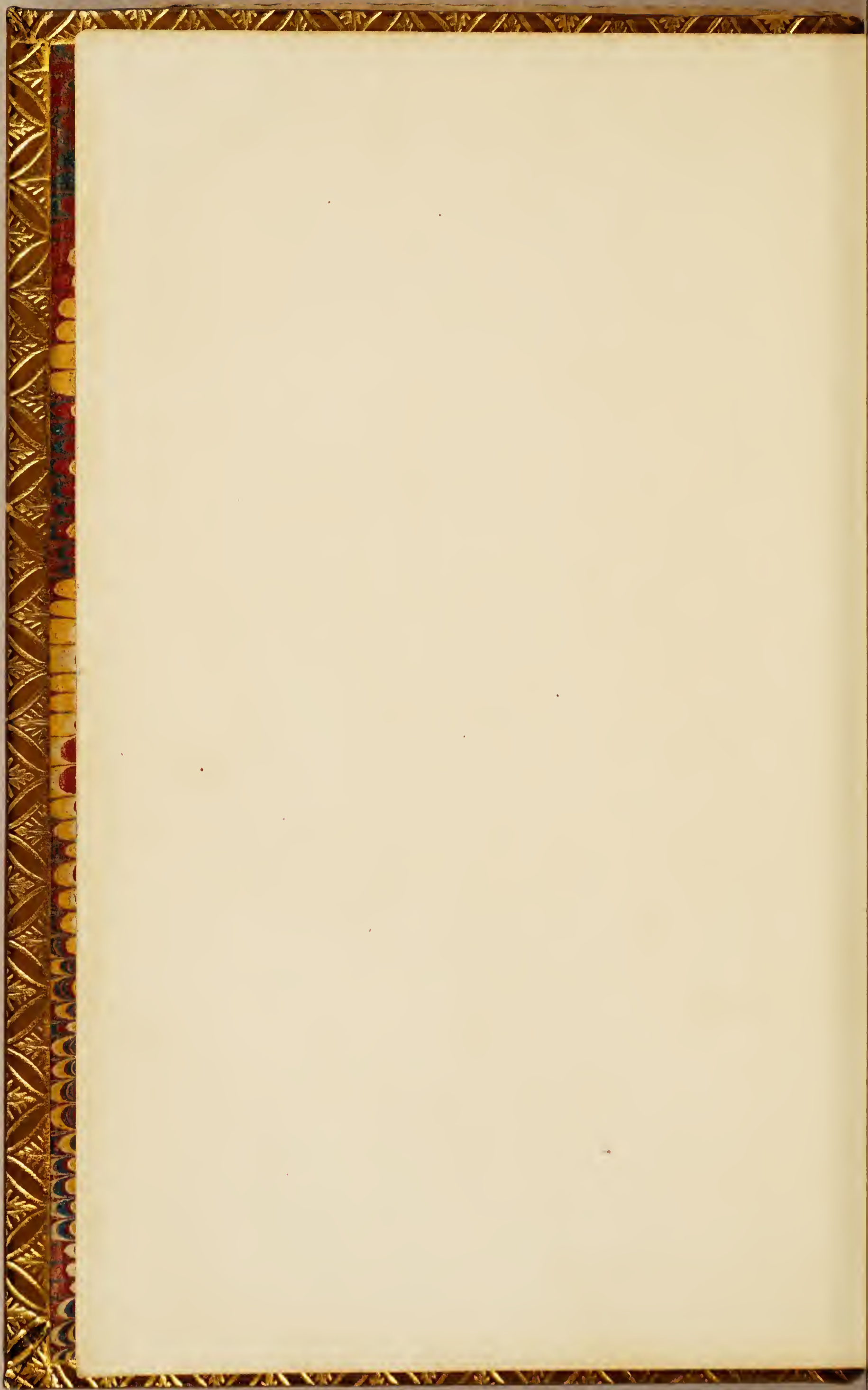
2nd Nun. O! terrible.—if they should take the City—  
And we should fall into the hands of those  
Rough Englishmen!" &c., &c.

See entry in the 1701.

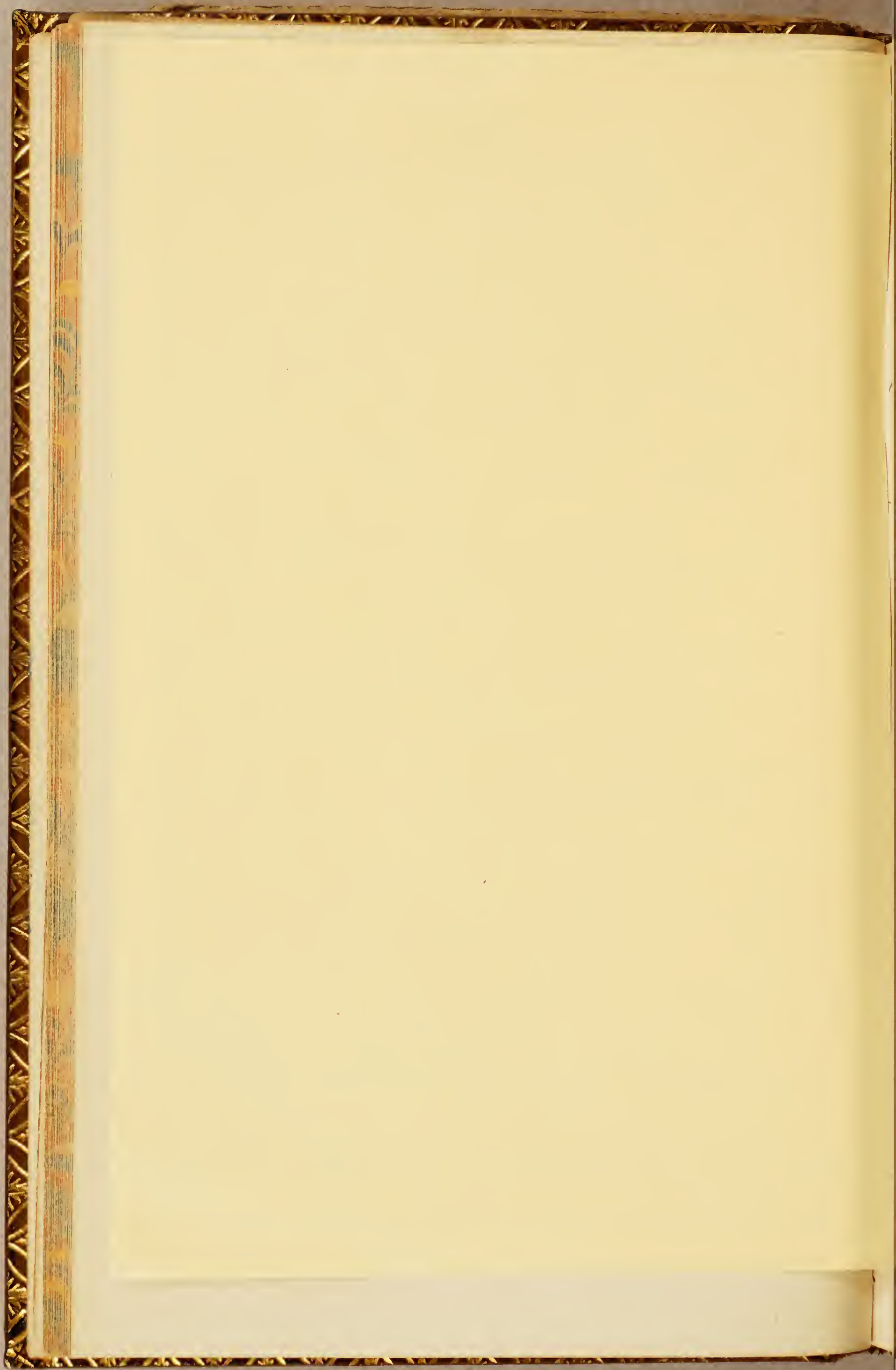


*John Carter Brown.*











# Stentorian Eloquence,

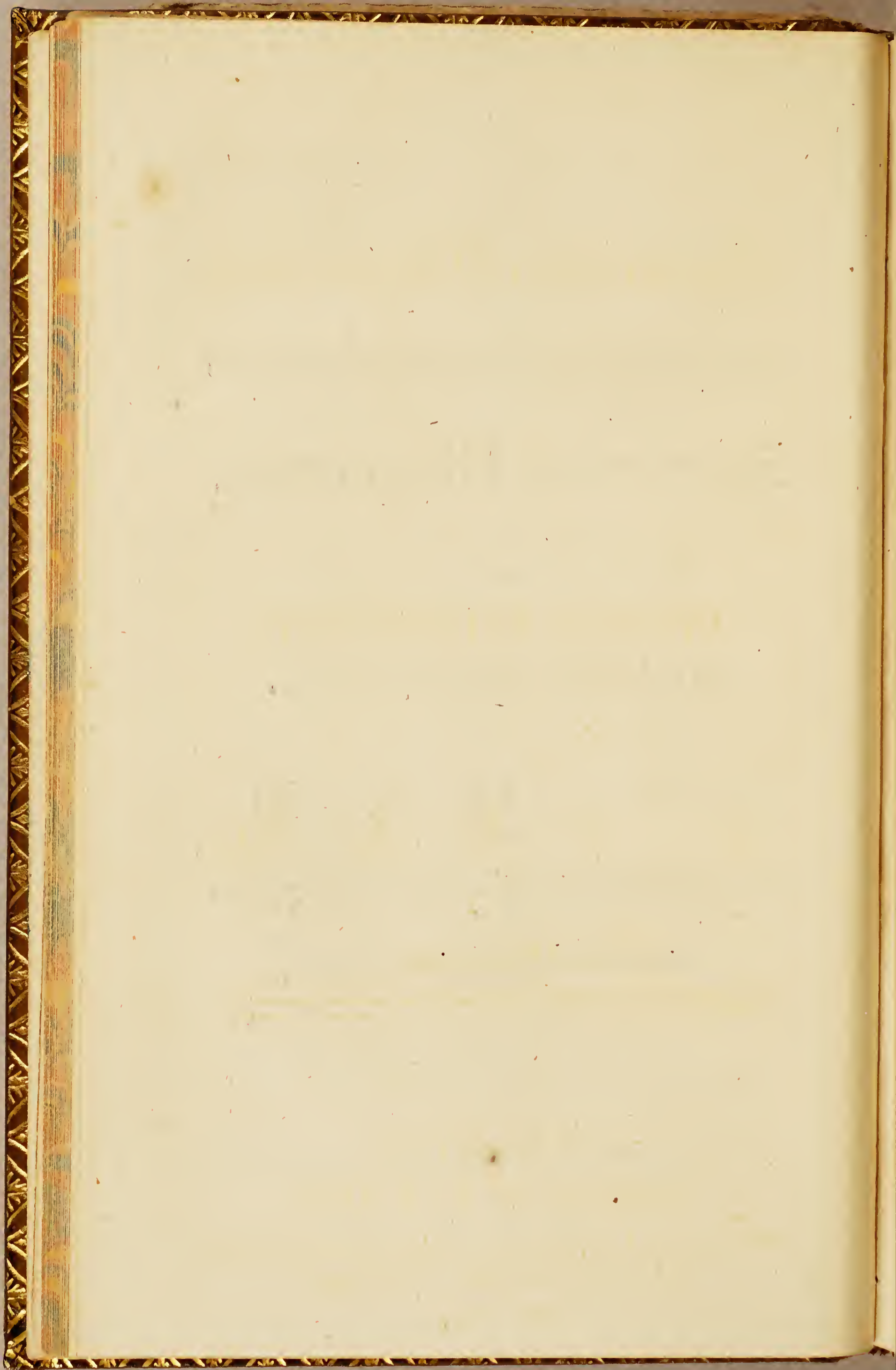
A N D

Medical Infallibility.

A P O E M.



[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]



Stentorian Eloquence,

A N D

Medical Infallibility;

A P O E M.

*Geo: Cockings. — — —*

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L O N D O N:

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near Exeter Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCCLXXI.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY JOHN WALLIS

OF THE SOCIETY

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE

REMARKS OF THE SOCIETY

ON THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1660

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## To the PUBLIC.

**A**S in the course of this work, I shall mention Preachers; I wou'd not have any person imagine that it is my design to ridicule religion, or the sincere and hone<sup>t</sup> professors of any religion whatever: I always did, and ever shall venerate the Church and Dissenting Clergy, as regular-bred, deserving, able ministers; whose exemplary lives, and gospel doctrines, may bid defiance to the tongue of malice to blacken, or the spirit of enthusiasm to gainsay.

It has been, and doubtless still continues to be the method, both of the learned, and unlearned modern itinerant preachers, when they mount the rostrum, stool, or table, to speak very disrespectfully of the clergy in general,

B

as

as if treasures of cœlestial knowledge, had been explor'd by them alone, and the gospel mysteries, were intirely hid-den from the worthy pastors of many other congregations ; whom they call  
 “ Velvet mouth'd preachers, hireling  
 “ shepherds, wolves in sheep's cloath-  
 “ ing ; who, instead of protecting,  
 “ fleece, and devour the flock : sleepy  
 “ watchmen, who dose on the tower  
 “ of Zion, and warn not their congre-  
 “ gations of the approach of their in-  
 “ fernal enemy : blind guides, who  
 “ lead their hearers to perdition :” with many other such *truly charitable*, and *religious* appellations.

Now, as these *self nam'd*, *self call'd*, *wise*, and *holy men*, have taken upon them to rail at the regular bred clergy of other professions, I think they have declar'd war with the public, claim a particular attention, and deserve to be held forth to view, in their proper colours. I shall not take upon me to determine the *validity*, or *invalidity* of their doctrines ; nor pretend to explain  
 their

their private intentions, in raising commotions in the church, railing against the pastors, sowing dissension between them, and their flocks, and in private families, and consigning over to eternal perdition, all gospel ministers, and their hearers, who do not preach, and believe like themselves ; but shall leave them to answer concerning all these things, to their own consciences, and at that tremendous bar, from whence there is no appeal ; where no sham pretences to piety, will pass for real vertue ; where fiery flandering zeal, and uncharitable censures of worthy fellow labourers in the LORD, will meet its due reward ; and where the robe of time serving purity, will not screen the designing wearer, from the scrutinizing power of Omniscience. I beg these boasting, railing, itinerant, fiery zealots, coolly to consider, how widely they err from the mark, if they wish to be thought good christians ; for tho' they should preach with *seraphic zeal*, and use *angelic diction* ; tho' they should

be possess'd of *miracle working*, *mountain moving faith*; have zeal enough to stand the fiery trial of their profession, and should understand all the sacred mysteries; tho' gifted with *prophecy*, and to crown the whole, tho' they shou'd give *all* they possess'd, to cloath and feed the poor, (a thing they are not very fond of) yet if they have not charity, St. Paul tells them, their *evangelic sufficiency*, and *zealous ravings*, are no better than sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal: *vide* 13 chap. of the first Epistle to the Corinthians.

What I shall relate in the following poem, shall be stubborn and incontestable facts: I shall make the literate enthusiastic Stentor's, Anti-Stentor's, and the illiterate Hobbinol's discourses, the subject of my observations; and shall do Stentor that strict justice, to stick as close as versification will allow, to his mode of diction, sentiments, and epithets, and describe as near as possible, his looks, gestures, attitude, emphasis, and tone of voice; and shall take  
due

due care to verify the solemn, rational, and truly evangelic parts of his discourse, in heroic measure, or in a phrase, adapted to the subject, not to lessen the dignity of his sentiments, when he condescended to be serious, and put on the rational preacher. I shall use the same method with Anti-Stentor, Hobbinol, and the Medical Professors ; and leave my readers to form a judgment on the whole.

If this book shou'd fall into the hands of any of the Reverend Itinerant Preachers, or their hearers, and they shou'd look on it as a vile performance, a piece of irreligious absurdity, a prophane indecency, or the like, to jumble the solemn gospel doctrines, and light fantastic expressions together, in one work, as I have done ; I beg leave to ask them the following serious question : Is it not much more vile, irreligious, indecently prophane, and absurd, to ascend a pulpit, and in a house of public worship, to utter the same, and jumble the solemn doctrines of Christi-

Christianity, and their fantastic expressions, in that unconnected, incoherent manner, with all the enthusiastic ravings of a madman, and antic tricks of a merry Andrew? such as wou'd almost tempt a Cato, or Diogenes to laugh.

I shall think my time well bestow'd, if on reading this, the Reverend Gentlemen, or any who tread in their steps, will lay aside all uncharitableness, rash judgment, ludicrous gestures, incoherent unconnected exclamations, make less free with *damnation*, nor condemn to *hell* so precipitately, all, who differ from them in opinion; shou'd be induc'd to preach like rational creatures, and deliver the solemn sacred truths of the gospel, with a manly dignity, becoming (as they are *emphatically* stil'd) the *Embassadors* of JEHOVAH; who shou'd be full of Kindness, Brotherly Love, and Universal Benevolence.

A D I E U.

S T E N-

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# Stentorian Eloquence,

A N D

Medical Infallibility ;

A P O E M.

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W H E N *Empiricks* illit'rate rise,  
And cram the press with bare-fac'd lies,  
And with great effront'ry declare,  
Their med'cines most effectual are,  
Incomparable ! fans deceit !  
Inestimable ! cheap ! compleat !  
When lotions, potions, are devis'd,  
And things uncommon pulveriz'd ;  
When tinctures, unguents, pills, and drops,  
(Strange medlys of compounded slops !)  
Are boasted of, sov'reign for cure !  
Safe ! speedy ! absolute ! and sure !  
When men, their *nostrums* rare to vend,  
Will print what few can comprehend ;

(Tho' Time, Art, Phyfick, join'd, no doubt,  
Will bring fome ftrange events about ;  
I fhall not fay 'tis bad or good,  
But give it as in print it ftood.)

“ For perfons to a fhadow worn,  
“ Their guts with gripes, or loofenefs torn,  
“ This cures the mischief, and e'er long,  
“ The body leaves bound hard, and ftrong :  
“ But if the patient's body fhould,  
“ Be hard bound up, this Compound good,  
“ Will make it \* foluble (and free !)  
“ And make it open perfectly !”

When Quacks, without a blush difplay  
Absurdities in open day ;

In *Courage* will pretend to trade,  
When † *Magnanimity* is made,  
With fweet ferenity of mind,  
Th' event is promis'd to mankind ;  
GALEN's true SONS fhould all agree,  
T' expofe their Infufficiency ;

\* The words in this bill, in a window in Holborn, are as follow : Art. 15. It cures the loofenefs or gripes, “ when a perfon is worn to a fhadow, and leaves the body “ ftrong, and able.”——Art. 16. “ If the body is fub- “ ject to be bound up, it will make it foluble, and make “ it perfectly open.”

† In High Holborn, I faw hung at a fhop window, a large printed account of a medicine, good in almoft all diforders, and fit for every perfon to ufe : the 26th article of which I copied verbatim, as follows.

“ It removes all floth, and heavinefs ; and gives the “ fineft ferenity, and compofure to the thoughts : it em- “ boldens the mind, and produces a courage, and mag- “ nanimity, that moft part of the world are ftrangers to.”

With

With hands and heads, should labour hard,  
 This growing evil to retard:  
 Secundum artem, and with speed,  
 Shou'd prove, altho' they're patenteed,  
 As they no College Learning gain'd,  
 Nor a Diploma e'er obtain'd,  
 They know at most, but a small part  
 Of Medicine's most noble art.  
 When Merry Andrew Pulpit Quacks,  
 And their subdelegated Hacks,  
 The modern Fav'rites of the Sky,  
 (Pretending Missions from on high ;)  
 New, self-sent Sland'ers (from the Lord)  
 Of fellow lab'ers in the word ;  
 (Who boast they Gospel Doctrines teach,  
 To save Mens Souls, but chiefly preach  
 To Purse, and Pocket, and set forth  
 Fair Charity's cœlestial worth ;  
 But understood in that good Sense,  
 The Charity of giving Pence ;  
 Not that which fills the chearful mind,  
 With all that's affable and kind ;  
 And fires it with fraternal love,  
 Sweet foretaste of the joys above !)  
 Inspired Coblers of old soles,  
 Illumin'd Taylors, blind as moles ;  
 Who, Gospel Myst'ries can undo,  
 Genteelly as they'd mend a shoe ;  
 And Texts of Scripture aptly quote,  
 To prove 'tis like a thread-bare Coat,  
 Which seventeen hundred years hath stood,  
 But turning wants to make it good :

When these, and more, not specify'd,  
 Whine, puff, and full of Guile misguide  
 Their fellow subjects, and betray  
 The public Confidence, for pay;  
 Then ev'ry Sacerdotal Hand,  
 Shou'd ready be throughout the land,  
 To bring them to the public Test,  
 And boldly prove by *scriptum est*,  
 These lay Divines have chiefly made,  
 Preaching a Substitute for Trade;  
 Finding how easy 'twas t' impose  
 Upon the Croud, they flyly chose,  
 To whine, and cant, and preach, and pray,  
 Their own illit'rate sniv'ling way,  
 Rather than in their Shops t' attend,  
 To cobble Shoes, or old Cloaths mend.  
 Shou'd any curious person chuse,  
 'Mongst Christians, Pagans, Turks, and Jews,  
 A scrutinizing jaunt to take,  
 His observations nice to make;  
 I dare affirm he'd never find,  
 Among the race of all mankind,  
 A more absurd illit'rate Race,  
 Than those new preaching Sons of Grace,  
 Who from their Shops, and Stalls, stepp'd forth,  
 To shew their Evangelic Worth,  
 And prove th' unerring Spirit may,  
 Call Tradesmen out to preach, and pray;  
 To mimic, stare and strain their lungs  
 With vulgar ungrammatic Tongues.  
 Imprimis, I shall set to view,  
 The preaching, itinerant Crew,

Who

Who mount the Rostrum, when they're able,  
 Or preach on Stool, or Chair, or Table:  
 Those solemn Quacks, who've lately made  
 The care of saving Souls their Trade;  
 Who whine, and cant, and preach, and pray,  
 In a most ungrammatical way,  
 Or rave, and use such Gestures odd,  
 As ill become the House of God.  
*Stentor*, their Gen'ralissimo,  
 To solemn preaching sworn a foe;  
 Near *Bedlam*, in a Rostrum rear'd,  
 In the following Strains was heard.  
 "Ye weary, heavy laden, sin oppress'd,  
 "Come unto me, and I will give you rest.  
 "Messiah calls the weary to his home,  
 "And begs all heavy laden souls to come,  
 "To quit their sheds for palaces above,  
 "And bathe in seas of everlasting love!  
 "Come! come! he says; and you shall rest  
     obtain!  
 "Nor can all hell render that promise vain!  
 "Fly to the Bridegroom, blooming in his  
     youth!  
 "His eyes with kindness beam, eternal Truth  
 "Adorns his tongue! lovely beyond compare!  
 "Above ten thousand most supremely fair!"  
 Thus far, he deign'd himself t' express  
 With reason, sense, and seriousness:  
 But suddenly, in noisy strain,  
 As if some Phrenzy fir'd his brain,  
 Thumping the Cushion with his book!  
 And with a half distracted Look!

He now exclaim'd with all his force,  
 (Like Richard bawling for his horse;)

"The Banns of Marriage I declare  
 "'Twixt Jesus Christ, and each Soul here!  
 "Are any here in secret hid,  
 "That will these Gospel Banns forbid?  
 "There are! there are! I know them well!  
 "The World! the Flesh! the Devil of Hell!  
 "For them I don't a Farthing care!  
 "Nor shall their Interdiction fear!"

Thrice thus he rav'd, the Door thrice flapp'd,  
 And thrice his Fingers boldly snapp'd;  
 On tiptoe rais'd, he look'd more big,  
 Hemm'd, stroak'd his Band, replac'd his Wig,  
 Which on his *Occiput* was flung,  
 And in a dubious manner hung:  
 The Wig replac'd, his Voice regain'd,  
 By his Vociferation strain'd,  
 He with wild Stare the people view'd,  
 As if at *ne plus ultra* stood:  
 Again he bawl'd, "I shall proceed,  
 "Let Satan, World, and Flesh, take heed!  
 "The Banns I publish without fear,  
 "'Twixt Christ, and every Soul that's here!  
 "The Banns are published and I,  
 "The world! the Flesh! the Devil defy!"

His Faculties were re-illum'd;  
 Reason dethron'd, her seat resum'd;  
 Th' Obscurity before her fled,  
 He seiz'd upon the broken thread  
 Of his discourse, and now appear'd  
 The Man of Sense, and thus was heard.

"Messiah

" Messiah calls no persons to his rest,  
 " But heavy laden souls, with sin oppress'd;  
 " When Creatures can in vice no pleasure find,  
 " When Sin becomes a burden to the mind;  
 " So pond'rous grows, the Soul cannot sustain  
 " Th' oppressive Load, but groans with pun-  
 " gent pain,

" The sinner crawls to blest Immanuel's feet,  
 " Assur'd a kind reception there to meet;  
 " Dissolv'd in tears, he leaps into the flood  
 " Of his all-cleansing, all-atoning blood;  
 " There laves secure from all infernal harm,  
 " Eas'd, and sustain'd, by his all-potent arm."

Of this Solemnity soon tir'd,  
 As if by second Madness fir'd,  
 Again he loud began to bawl,

" Hear! and attend the Preacher's Call!  
 " Repent! repent! both great and small!

" *Stentor's* a Madman people say!

" They call me Madman, so they may!

" Twenty successive years I've heard

" They've call'd me so, since I declar'd

" 'Gainst Satan war, and went about

" To put his vet'ran Troops to rout!

" I hate L---n Sl---s, alone I stand

" 'Gainst r-v-r-nd Dr-n-s throughout the land,

" The Pl-r-l-fts, as fat as brawn;

" In M-tr-s, Sc--fs, and Sl---s of L---n."

Tho' opposite as Stork, and Frog;

The growling Cat, and snarling Dog:

*Stentor*, and *Anti-Stentor*, join,

With *Hobbinol*, in quest of COIN;

And

And their Subdelegates likewise,  
 Watching with avaricious Eyes,  
 Such Hands, as move all round about,  
 To pluck the *Summum Bonum* out.  
 In this they likewise seem t' agree,  
 To speak most disrespectfully  
 Of Ministers, who brightly shine;  
 Whose Lives, and Doctrines, are divine.  
 I shall proceed for method's sake,  
 As if but one a speech did make;  
 Since in what follows, all the three,  
 And their Adherents, firm agree.  
 Methinks I hear the solemn Rant  
 Of each cœlestial Mendicant;  
 Most charitably running down,  
 His fellow lab'ers of the gown;  
 Raving aloud, " Ope, ope your eyes!  
 " Attend to me, and grow more wise!  
 " I Legate come from KING of KINGS!  
 " To preach, and teach you better things!  
 " Follow their Steps, I know full well,  
 " They'll lead you to the gates of Hell!  
 " I here declare them Sons of Wrath!  
 " They tread in black Perdition's path!  
 " Velvet-mouth'd Preachers! bred so nice,  
 " They gently smile Reproofs of vice!  
 " So complaisant, as ne'er to name  
 " Perdition, Satan, or Hell's Flame!  
 " To Audiences polite and gay,  
 " For fear the Devil shou'd lose his Prey!  
 " But cou'd I once their Ears assail,  
 " I'd ring them such a dev'lish Peal!  
 " Back

“ Back to Salvation’s Road I’d scold ’em !  
 “ Altho’ the Devil himself shou’d hold ’em !  
 “ I wou’d not clip a hellish Word,  
 “ To please a Marquis, Duke, or Lord !  
 “ But round the Tabernacle fling  
 “ Damnation ! tho’ it struck a \*\*\*\* !”  
 Unless I saw within his Eyes,  
 A Bishoprick, or Dean’ry rise ;  
 That is a Promissary Look,  
 Which rather than the Sacred Book,  
 I’d read, my future Fate to know,  
 And velvet-mouth’d as any grow :  
 These *last six lines*, design’d to paint  
 In colours strong, each self-nam’d Saint,  
 Grazing on the Pineal Gland,  
 I’d have my readers understand,  
 Across the brain, like lightning sprung,  
 But never sounded from the tongue.  
 Closing this grand cœlestial Rant,  
 “ My Face is like the Adamant,”  
 (He said, with self-sufficient Air,  
 Contracted Brow, and ireful Stare ;)  
 “ Which I shall set against all those,  
 “ Who are the T-b-er-n-cl-’s foes !”  
 Again cool’d down, with countenance serene,  
 They thus proceed, perhaps in solemn strain :  
 “ Christ is the sinner’s hope, and greatest friend ;  
 “ His pow’rful merits, can the wretch defend  
 “ From justice infinite, and wrath divine,  
 “ Vengeance avert, and make God’s mercy shine  
 “ On each returning soul of Adam’s race,  
 “ Who, when he calls, and offers saving grace,  
 “ Disdains

“ Disdains the pomps, and vanities below,  
 “ And seeks the Fount from whence all blessings flow;  
 “ Flies from himself, and will no longer lean  
 “ On his own works, unable to sustain  
 “ The best of men, when Justice shall awake,  
 “ A strict unerring scrutiny to make.”  
 Now leaning forward on the Book,  
 He said with a most placid Look;  
 “ But you must understand, my Friends,  
 “ Our Preaching tends to two great Ends;  
 “ We, who Salvation’s Precepts give,  
 “ Have got no Means whereby to live,  
 “ But smiles of Providence alone,  
 “ And Kindnesses which you have shown;”  
 Then spread his Hands, turn’d up his Eyes,  
 As if he meant to catch the Skies;  
 And rav’d in loud Stentorian strains,  
 Like a mad Bedlamite in chains;  
 “ Cast all low Cares of life away,  
 “ For Cloaths, Meat, Drink, and yellow Clay!  
 “ For HE who feeds the Ravens can,  
 “ Supply the wants of ev’ry man!”  
 Grown hoarse, he cou’d proceed no more,  
 Perspiring too through ev’ry pore;  
 He wip’d, hemm’d, cough’d, began again,  
 With smiling Face, and coaxing strain:  
 “ But as I said before my Friends,  
 “ Our Preaching tends to two great Ends;  
 “ Videlicet, your Souls to save,  
 “ And that we may a Living have:

“ A Com-

' A Competence is my desire,  
 ' The Lab'rer's worthy of his Hire :  
 ' 'Twas for your sakes I left the \*\*\*\*\*  
 ' And her dull Preachers in the L--ch ;  
 ' For you commenc'd a Mendicant,  
 ' And to deposit what I want,  
 ' I beg each one t' untie the Purse,  
 ' My former Costs to reimburse ;  
 ' For well you know I'm poor indeed,  
 ' Assist me in this time of Need !  
 ' Lime, Timber, Bricks, Stones, Nails, are  
     ' dear !  
 ' And Candle Light thro' all the year  
 ' Proves an incessant Pocket Drain !  
 ' No man these Charges can sustain,  
 ' Without an independent Fortune,  
 ' Which makes me thus your Aids importune.  
 ' The Orphans Wants must be supply'd,  
 ' Poor lonely Widows Tears be dry'd ;  
 ' An Azyle too, for Children poor,  
 ' Distant from blest Britannia's shore,  
 ' Another costly Job will be ;  
 ' For which I beg most earnestly !  
 ' 'Tis Great ! 'tis Godlike ! to bestow  
 ' Your Alms, and Charity you know,  
 ' If Paul is rightly understood,  
 ' Covers of Sins a Multitude !  
 ' I see Benevolence arise !  
 ' And Kindness beams in all your Eyes !  
 ' You will bestow, both great and small !  
 ' As Providence hath bless'd you all !

‘ The frequent Sighs! the pearly Drops,  
 ‘ Ready to start, feed my fond Hopes,  
 ‘ That I the greatest Part shall find,  
 ‘ Beyond my Expectation kind!  
 ‘ Then We, who preaching here attend,  
 ‘ Widows, and Little Ones, shall blend  
 ‘ Our Thanks, and grateful Pray’rs shall rise,  
 ‘ To plead your Causes in the Skies!  
 ‘ With that all-potent Engine Pray’r,  
 ‘ To comfort you, I here declare,  
 ‘ ’Gainst Heav’n’s Gates we’ll Batt’ry make!  
 ‘ And will Perforce the Kingdom take!”  
 Then with a magisterial Look,  
 Thumping the Cushion with his Book,  
 And with a rough sarcastic Tone,  
 ‘ There are I hope among you none,”  
 He said, and slapp’d the Pulpit Door,  
 ‘ Who will pretend to plead they’re poor?  
 ‘ Sneak flyly off unmov’d, and make  
 ‘ An unavailing weak Mistake,  
 ‘ That you unnotic’d shall depart,  
 ‘ ’Mongst richer Folks, who want a Heart,  
 ‘ To give of their Abundance great,  
 ‘ Here, and in Heav’n, to gain a Seat:  
 ‘ No no my Friends! you ’scape not so;  
 ‘ Depend upon’t shall undergo  
 ‘ A Scrutiny, beneath mine Eye,  
 ‘ As in Review you’re passing by:  
 ‘ At the Great Door I’ll take my Stand,  
 ‘ And likewise will with mine own Hand,  
 ‘ Present the Plate: and I shall see,  
 ‘ Whose Heart flames most with Charity!

‘ The

‘ The middling person, rich, or poor,  
 ‘ Who gives no Money at the Door,  
 ‘ Unless well known for former Deeds,  
 ‘ To help the Saints, and ease their Needs;  
 ‘ I shall esteem to Virtue dead,  
 ‘ And from Salvation’s Banner fled:  
 ‘ We don’t for Nothing ev’ry day,  
 ‘ MESSIAH’S Ensign here display,  
 ‘ Point you the way t’ eternal Gains,  
 ‘ To purchase Trouble for our Pains!  
 ‘ For People cannot now-a-days,  
 ‘ Houses, and T-b-rn-cl-s raise;  
 ‘ Pay Rates, Repairs, and Taxes high,  
 ‘ Without a very good Supply.”

Thus *Stentor* begs in winning strain,  
 Widows, and Orphans, to maintain;  
 And *Anti-Stentor*, Day by Day,  
 Making the LORD’S Own Cause his plea;  
 Declares by most finister Chance,

‘ I want you now my Friends t’ advance  
 ‘ A good round Sum, which we intend,  
 ‘ In the Lord’s own Cause to spend,  
 ‘ *Stentor*, and his Adherents vile,  
 ‘ Full of uncharitable Guile,  
 ‘ Have so behav’d, that now we are,  
 ‘ All nocs’d in an expensive Snare:  
 ‘ If we apply with empty Hand,  
 ‘ Our Brethren of the G-wn, and B-nd,  
 ‘ Are mute as Fishes, and you know,  
 ‘ *Stentor*’s a rich, and cunning Foe!  
 ‘ Some Scores of Pounds I must obtain,  
 ‘ If you wou’d wish the Cause to gain:

‘ Be gen’rous \* then, your Money drop  
 ‘ Into the Plate, God’s Cause to prop :”  
 And this, at proper times no doubt,  
 The different parties bellow’d out.  
 ‘ The subject chang’d, Stentor look’d down,  
 ‘ And thus proceeded with a frown :  
 ‘ Some of my Hearers I’ve been told,  
 ‘ With Hearts lukewarm, perhaps quite cold,  
 ‘ Say they’ve a large young Family,  
 ‘ And therefore cannot absent be  
 ‘ From Work, the Morning Word to hear,  
 ‘ For ev’ry thing is very dear ;  
 ‘ Besides their Children when they come,  
 ‘ Will bawl, if hungry left at home :  
 ‘ But how you shall proceed, I’ll tell ye,  
 ‘ To keep the Peace, and fill each Belly.  
 ‘ If you intend betimes to reach  
 ‘ This House, next morn, to hear me preach ;  
 ‘ Suppose you have four Children got,  
 ‘ Then over night hang on the Pot,  
 ‘ Bestir yourselves, and ready get  
 ‘ All things for Apple Dumplings fit ;  
 ‘ And whilst the water heats, make haste  
 ‘ To pare your Apples, make your Paste ;

\* I have been informed, that Stentor, Anti-Stentor,  
 and their adherents ; being most evangelically disposed,  
 and zealously instigated by Divine Inspiration, to oppose  
 each other, by some means, got litigiously entangled,  
 among their brethren of the G-wn, and B-nd ; or else  
 they made that the pretence, to raise Contributions, and  
 most strenuously bawl’d out, for pecuniary Assistance  
 from their hearers, to support the Lord’s own Cause.

‘ A quan-

‘ A quantity of Flour, and Fruit,  
 ‘ Sugar to sweeten them to boot,  
 ‘ Which will sixteen large Dumplins make,  
 ‘ You may obtain, or I mistake,  
 ‘ For less than Eightpence, and I think,  
 ‘ A Penny will suffice for drink:  
 ‘ When boil’d; the Dumplins put away,  
 ‘ For Provender the following day;  
 ‘ And in the Morning when you rise,  
 ‘ Four Dumplins surely will suffice  
 ‘ Yourself, and Spouse; four Dumplins more,  
 ‘ Will serve your Children; but besure,  
 ‘ On each a little Sugar strew,  
 ‘ ’Twill keep the Peace, and feed ’em too:  
 ‘ When hungry froward Children cry,  
 ‘ A sugar’d Dumplin, or a Pye,  
 ‘ The Mothers find has oft prevail’d,  
 ‘ When many other things have fail’d:  
 ‘ Each Child well pleas’d, and set to feed,  
 ‘ Father, and Mother, may proceed  
 ‘ Towards this Place, and have no dread  
 ‘ About the Children left in bed;  
 ‘ Their sugar’d Dumplins eat, may hap,  
 ‘ They’ll all lie down, and take a Nap;  
 ‘ Or play, ’till you from this blest’d Place  
 ‘ Return, grown rich in heav’nly Grace,  
 ‘ With eight good Dumplins on the shelf,  
 ‘ On which four Children, Wife, and Self,  
 ‘ Blest’d with Contentment, cannot fail  
 ‘ To make a most delicious Meal;  
 ‘ By this cheap Method which I teach,  
 ‘ About five Farthings spent for each,

‘ Six may obtain Supply of Food,  
 ‘ For Breakfast, and a Dinner good.  
 ‘ I hope there’s none that hears me now,  
 ‘ But will good natur’dly allow,  
 ‘ The Preacher shou’d have Competence,  
 ‘ By way of temp’ral Recompence,  
 ‘ For present, and eternal Gain,  
 ‘ He points you out the Way t’ obtain.  
 ‘ But now you’ll say you can’t begin,  
 ‘ To leave the pleasing paths of sin :  
 ‘ Ye carnal Wretches ! sin beguil’d !  
 ‘ ’Tis easy as to wean a Child !  
 ‘ For when the Child begins to fret,  
 ‘ And cry, and nestle for the Teat;  
 ‘ The Mammy lays the Bubby bare,  
 ‘ Having been mindful to prepare  
 ‘ The bitter Stuff, design’d to make  
 ‘ The sucking Child the Breast forsake :  
 ‘ Into the Cup she now will dip,  
 ‘ Her fore or middle Finger’s Tip,  
 ‘ And round the Nipple gently stroak it,  
 ‘ And with the nauseous Liquid soak it :”  
 (Now, as he spoke, he gave a Shrug,  
 As if he was about to lug  
 The Bubby out, and made a Motion,  
 As if to use the bitter Lotion :)  
 ‘ The Infant with voracious Look,  
 ‘ Attacks the Teat, prepar’d to suck;  
 ‘ But with Disgust, (as well it may,)  
 ‘ Yaw ! yaw ! it cries, and turns away :”  
 (Now with a Gesture most uncouth,  
 Yaw ! yaw ! he bawl’d, with open Mouth ;

And

And mimick'd well a froward Child,  
 At which the gravest Hearers smil'd :)  
 ' The fretful Child new efforts makes,  
 ' Again the bitter Nipple takes;  
 ' As oft again, yaw! yaw! it cries,  
 ' And turns away with wat'ry Eyes;  
 ' At length worn out, it sucks no more,  
 ' But loaths the Teat it lov'd before:  
 ' And now you might infer from hence,  
 ' Were you possess'd of common Sense,  
 ' How easily Sin might be left,  
 ' And be of all her Charms bereft:  
 ' For when with an insidious smile,  
 ' Th' Enchantress wou'd your Souls beguile;  
 ' And holds her charming Breasts to view,  
 ' Then, then, you've nothing else to do,  
 ' But form this useful Thought within,  
 ' I see the charming Breasts of Sin,  
 ' Which oft I've suck'd with greedy Gust,  
 ' Are now to tempt me onward thrust,  
 ' Appearing fair, and plump, and round;  
 ' But have by sad Experience found,  
 ' Altho' the Nipples, seeming fair,  
 ' Like fine ripe Strawberries appear,  
 ' Gall, Aloes, or Wormwood, dwell  
 ' In all the pretty pouting Cells;  
 ' On this in season ruminate,  
 ' And then your Ardor will abate;  
 ' You'll be by Sin no more beguil'd,  
 ' But like a newly weaned Child,  
 ' Which loaths the nauseated Teat,  
 ' And quits the Breast without regret,  
 ' You

‘ You will no more desire express;  
 ‘ To suck the Teat of Wickedness;  
 ‘ May God protect you from above,  
 ‘ And full of charitable Love;  
 ‘ Depart in Peace; but Hearkye me!  
 ‘ When next your Faces here I see;  
 ‘ Come not with empty Hands I pray;  
 ‘ For on the following Sabbath day;  
 ‘ I’ll read some sad Relations o’er,  
 ‘ From G-rm-ny’s afflicted Shore;  
 ‘ And give account of Money spent,  
 ‘ In pious Works, and lately sent,  
 ‘ T’ Am-r-ca’s wild C-nt-n-nt. }  
 ‘ Our stock, at present is but small,  
 ‘ Therefore I beg my Hearers all,  
 ‘ To make a sort of sacred Store,  
 ‘ To give next week, to help the Poor.  
 ‘ All shou’d give something, that will show,  
 ‘ If but a Penny you bestow,  
 ‘ Your willingness to keep our Sect,  
 ‘ From meeting public Disrespect. \*”  
 Next *Hobbinol* shall have his due,  
 At L-t-le Z -r, rais’d to view,  
 In Pulpit built for that design,  
 A lay mechanical Divine;

\* When I speak in the person of Stentor, Anti-Stentor,  
 and Hobbinol; I would be understood to be speaking of  
 their Subdelegates, and Adherents: for their sentiments,  
 speeches, and manner of delivery, are the general senti-  
 ments, &c. of the whole: but most especially in Money  
 matters, and railing against other worthy Pastors: in  
 which, they all most religiously agree; though in other  
 points, diametrically opposite:

Who

Who downward wings his leaden Flight,  
 The soaring *Stentor*'s opposite.  
 His Text declar'd our loss of Bliss,  
 Chapter the Third of *Genesis*;  
 And that the Earth by God was curst,  
 From Sev'nteenth Verse to Twenty-first,  
 He read, and then this rustic Man,  
 A Dissertation strange began.

' The Curse remains, that is my thought,  
 ' Which Adam on the World hath brought;  
 ' The thing is plain, and wants no proving,  
 ' That this tirristial Eayrth is moving,  
 ' To and fro, restless as it were,  
 ' In a great Space, a Sea of Air;  
 ' As writers say, hung in a Speere,  
 ' Nine measur'd Miles, or very near;  
 ' In which like a great Globe 'tis hung,  
 ' And therefore fitter to be swung,  
 ' Or up, or down, to right, or left,  
 ' Just as the Curse shall cause the Drift:  
 ' But be that matter as it will,  
 ' I don't rely on Authors skill;  
 ' I'll prove the same by Holy Writ,  
 ' That like a Sot in drunken fit,  
 ' Which cannot forward steady go,  
 ' It reals, and staggers to and fro;  
 ' And surely must remain unblest,  
 ' Because it can obtain no Rest;  
 ' By which we may most plainly see,  
 ' The sad \* Intale of Misery,

\* These are his own Expressions; which he repeated oftener than I have here mentioned them.

‘ Is not cut off, but still remains,  
 ‘ On th’ Eayrth intal’d, and Griefs, and Pains,  
 ‘ On Adam’s Race, tho’ Sinners scoff,  
 ‘ Th’ Intale of Mischief’s not cut off.  
 ‘ We may read in the Sacred Boock,  
 ‘ A Particle of Duft God tooek,  
 ‘ And fashion’d as it were a Man;  
 ‘ According to his well form’d Plan;  
 ‘ And he stood up we cannot doubt,  
 ‘ Like the dry Bones we read about,  
 ‘ Who stood up as it were we’re told,  
 ‘ A Regiment of Soldiers bold.”  
 Of Human Bodies he related,  
 ‘ Since Adam was at first created,  
 ‘ All that was, \* is, and shall be maade,  
 ‘ Was all elected in that Heayd.

‘ Before

\* These two Lines, are verbatim, et literatim, his own: as are likewise the words, Intale, Tirristial-Eayrth, Speere, Antidludian, Eave, Tooek, Boock, Beleave, Sleay’d, Beaysts, Reals, with other words, which I have spelt to make them sound as he spoke them: but after all, much of his manner must be omitted; his gesture, emphasis, and delivery, beggar all description; and for any person to form an adequate idea of all his absurdities, he should be heard, and seen, by that person: but this I can affirm, that in almost every sentence of his sermon, when he spoke any substantive in the plural number. the verb which follow’d, was the third person singular; for instance; speaking of Adam, All the Bodies, that was, and is, and shall be maade, was elected in that Heayd: and he seemed very fond of the words Tirristial-Eayrth, Intale, and As it were, lugging them into every sentence he possibly could; but most particularly As it were. Through his whole sermon, he used a broad, coarse, rustic dialect;

‘ Before he drove the Couple out,  
 ‘ God sleay’d the Beaysts, and Lambs no doubt ;  
 ‘ He stripp’d their Skins, as we beleave,  
 ‘ Which Adam wore as well as Eave,  
 ‘ For shelter, when turn’d out together  
 ‘ From † Clemency of temp’rate weather.  
 ‘ He said it was his very Thought,  
 ‘ The Flood of Waters which God brought,  
 ‘ Upon th’ ‡ Antidiludian world,  
 ‘ Was, as it were a Scourge, which hurl’d  
 ‘ To Shades of Death, that sinful Race,  
 ‘ And was as ’twere, a type of grace,  
 ‘ Which like a Flood, in many parts,  
 ‘ Is pour’d on true Believers Hearts.”

As W-----, R---, R-----t, contend,  
 The genuine J-----ts D---ps they vend,  
 To cure the Body ne’er so foul ;  
 So, for the ulcerated soul,  
 Like them, with self-sufficient air,  
 Stentor and Hobbinol declare,  
 With Anti-Stentor, that they sell  
 Preservatives from Flames of Hell ;

dialect ; and made the most illiterate, incoherent, un-  
 grammatic discourse, I ever heard ; far worse than I have  
 made it, for I was forced to reduce it to some form, to  
 carry on the narration.

† The Preacher’s words were to the following purport,  
 with very little variation. He said, “ ’Twas goodness  
 “ in God to cover Adam and Eave, and doubtless the  
 “ Beaysts he sleay’d, God sleay’d them, as it were him-  
 “ self ; and doubtless the Beaysts were Lambs ; and  
 “ God geave them the Cloathing, as it were against the  
 “ CLEMENCY of the Weather.”

‡ The Preacher’s own.

Each proudly boasts, (nay 'tis no jest;) }  
 His Remedy's the very best;  
 Compounded diff'rent from the rest.  
 If true their Tales are carried on,  
 'Tis almost a \* Catholicon!  
 Can each a genuine Vender be?  
 The Squabble lies between Twice Three.  
 I shall no more in Prose, or Rhyme,  
 Employ my thoughts, or waste my time,  
 To paint this trav'ling begging Race;  
 Monopolizers of God's Grace.  
 Mortar Mixers, Candle Dippers,  
 Dyers, and good English Clippers;  
 Enough is said of raving Teachers,  
 Illit'rate mad Mechanic Preachers.  
 I next shall speak of Body Menders,  
 Long practis'd, learned, Nostrum Venders.  
 Perhaps no City can be found,  
 Throughout the world's extensive round,  
 With Shops, so numerous as this,  
 Britannia's great metropolis;  
 Where Health restoring Pills and Potions,  
 Perfumes, and Beauty giving Lotions,  
 Are sold, to gain the Ladies Charms  
 Of rosy Cheeks! and snowy Arms!  
 The Sick, or Coarse of either Sex,  
 No longer need their minds perplex;

\* It is called a most noble, compendious, incomparable  
 M-d-c-ne; has no m-rc-r-als in its C-mp-s-tion; and  
 declar'd to be the most pleasant, safe, cheap, certain, and  
 immediate C-re, in the world, for the Ven, Dis. &c.

They

They may obtain if they've got Wealth,  
 Beauty, white Teeth, black Hair, and Health !  
 The Shops which cast an Essence round,  
 In Plenty ev'ry where are found ;  
 Where in the window, Lip Salve stands,  
 Near Lotions for the Ladies Hands ;  
 " By which their Skins from Spots are freed,  
 " From whence no Harm can e'er proceed :  
 " Washes, which take all Freckles off ;"  
 Perhaps at this the Dowdies scoff ;  
 But let me tell 'em Ladies fine,  
 In essenc'd Varnish love to shine !  
 A wond'rous Thing I dare engage,  
 Which puts Nineteen on wither'd Age !  
 But this wou'd make the Wonder more,  
 Cou'd they take Thirty from Threescore ;  
 Make Matrons lay their grave Demeanour by,  
 Flash Flame extinct, and roll the glitt'ring Eye !  
 " Lac Virginale, near it's plac'd,  
 " By which the Females Cheeks are grac'd  
 " With Beauty ; and for that intent,  
 " A Fluid, the most innocent."  
 For Ladies of the Genuine Taste,  
 " G-b--n has fine It-l--n Paste ;  
 " On Face, Neck, Arms, compleatly laid,  
 By self, or dext'rous Chambermaid ;  
 " It fills each Furrow, Crack, or Gap,  
 " By Small-pox made, or sad Mishap,  
 " Or by Old Time's all-rending Hand ;  
 " And keeps the Cheeks from being tann'd !"  
 And makes them smooth and fair withal,  
 As any old or batter'd Wall,

When

When plaister'd, and white wash'd with Lime,  
 To hide the Marks of Father Time.  
 In windows, Bills of ev'ry sort  
 Are stuck, with Plaisters for the Court ;  
 With large Show Glasse. all cramm'd full  
 Of Rouge, Swan Down, and Spanish Wool ;  
 Bags, Brushes, Boxes, Powders, Puffs,  
 And Scores of fine Outlandish Stuffs !  
 'Mongst other things which they retail,  
 They've likewise got Eau sans Pareille.  
 They think it will not sell unless  
 They cloath it in the Gallic dress ;  
 Since all that's Frenchify'd; goes down  
 With Thousands, in this pop'lous Town :  
 True English all ; yet 'twill enhance  
 Its Worth, to say it came from France !  
 So silly Children, oft we see,  
 Loath Physick, as a Remedy ;  
 But call it Cordial if you will,  
 Or else gild o'er the laxing Pill ;  
 Or hide it in a Plumb from sight,  
 Then down it goes, and all is right !  
 How out of Taste, and odd 'twou'd be,  
 In shops of sweet Perfumery,  
 To see that Eau in windows hung,  
 And in our barb'rous native Tongue,  
 The Labels, proving in the Sequel,  
 'Twas Water which has not an equal !  
 " Some have a Stuff, (a Compound call'd,)  
 " To raise new Hair on Scalps grown bald ;  
 " They've other Things the bills declare,  
 " T' eradicate superfluous Hair ;

" Or

“ Or turn the sandy, or the red,  
 (Unwelcome on a Lady's Head,)  
 “ To such a Colour as they lack;  
 “ A fine nut brown, or jetty black !”  
 Powders, et cetera they sell,  
 The bills, their Names, and Uses tell :  
 But which may the Precedence claim,  
 Soap, Lotions, Powders, Paste, or Cream,  
 I'll not take on me to decide ;  
 'Tis just as Females Fancies guide.  
 The R- -l- W--hb--l Ch-m---l,  
 Bids fair I think t' excel 'em all ;  
 “ The Skin enabling to display  
 “ Beauties, which deep from vision lay :  
 “ Plump, fair, and smooth, the Surface grows ;  
 “ The Lilly, mingled with the Rose,  
 “ Adorns the Cheeks, and ev'ry Part,  
 “ Grows delicate by pow'r of Art ;  
 “ With fine Transparency, sets to view,  
 “ Blue Veins in Neck, and Temples too !”  
 Nay, more than that the Paper shows,  
 “ Angelic Whiteness it bestows !  
 “ Contains no Merc'ry, is so mild,  
 “ It may be eaten (by a child :)  
 “ It will not give the Skin a Taint,  
 “ Like wicked Compounds made of Paint,  
 “ Which many use, (with great delight)”  
 To give the blended red and white ;  
 “ Whose Cheeks appear with sickly Hue,  
 “ Both pale, and haggard to the view ;  
 “ This sad Mishap can ne'er befall,  
 “ Such as shall use this charming Ball !  
 “ Which

“ Which gives plump softness to the Frame,  
 “ When Age itself forbids the same!  
 “ ’Tis fit for Gentlemen to have,  
 “ To use whenc’er their Heads they shave;  
 “ It never fails as oft as try’d,  
 “ To make the Razor smoothly glide,  
 “ Giving an Edge most exquisite!  
 “ For tender fine skinn’d Shavers fit!  
 “ If Ladies will the Rules observe,  
 “ Nor from the printed Method swerve,  
 “ They will so beautiful appear,  
 “ They’ll soon become they need not fear,  
 (Possess’d of what this can bestow,)  
 “ The Wonder of the World below!”

I shall not here enumerate  
 Drops, Tinctures, Pills, of ancient Date:  
 The Moderns, and their Nostums, yield  
 T’employ the Pen, an ample Field.  
 The learned Sons of W-----k L--e;  
 Have long time wish’d, but wish’d in vain,  
 To see all \*\*\*\*\* eradicated,  
 Self-prov’d, examin’d, diplomated,  
 As Vultures, Eagles, Ravens, fly,  
 Wherever num’rous Armies lie;  
 From Cities, Towns, and Nations round,  
 They came in Troops, and always found  
 In this great City, F---s enough,  
 To swallow ev’ry Pill and Puff!  
 Altho’ Physicians, bred at College,  
 (Sage, diplomated Men of Knowledge,)  
 Arose, their Progress to retard,  
 The public Health, and Wealth, to guard;  
 And

And held a noted one or two,  
 Display'd aloft to public view;  
 As Kites which oft have thinn'd the brood,  
 And Foxes that they may be view'd;  
 Are in terrorem nail'd outspread,  
 To keep each Fox and Kite in dread.  
 They might as soon a mode find out,  
 To cure th' excruciating Gout,  
 As rout by most resolv'd attacks,  
 This formidable corps of \*\*\*\*\*,  
 Till like Philistia's host of old,  
 As we in sacred writ are told,  
 They shou'd infatuated frown,  
 Arise, and beat each other down.  
 And now, the wish'd-for time appears;  
 A croud of able Volunteers,  
 Learned Surgeons, and Physicians,  
 (Griev'd at Patients sad conditions,  
 ' To rescue all th' unfortunate,  
 ' From their morbidic languid state,)  
 Against this Hydra, take the field;  
 Humanely rous'd, their Pens they wield,  
 With poignant Satire's force t' attack,  
 Each Pillar and Post-holding \*\*\*\*\*;  
 Whose great Performances worth Note,  
 I shall in Verse impartial quote.  
 Wheree'er you go, (when Business calls,  
 Shops, Windows, Doors, the Posts, and Walls,  
 And Pillars, are adorn'd with Bills,  
 ' Of Drops, and justly \* f-m-us P--ls !

\* L--k's, H-----s's, and R--k's: K--k, has justly  
 f-med G--d-n P--ls.

F

' Chiefly

‘ Chiefly against the Fr-n-h Disease,  
 ‘ Which cannot fail all Sorts to please.’  
 Both Men, and Women, ready stand,  
 Who offer with extended Hand,  
 Perhaps a Bill of D----r \*\*\*\*\*,  
 That dreadful scourge of Gallic \*\*\*;  
 ‘ Who f-f-y y--rs, or thereabout,  
 ‘ Hath put that Malady to rout.”  
 A lit’rate, sage P-yf c--n good,  
 As ever handled L-gs of W--d.  
 To prove the \* D----r’s merit latent,  
 ‘ He’s honour’d by the R---l P-t--t.”  
 From Him, you’ve this Advice bestow’d,  
 ‘ As there are Counterfeits abroad,  
 ‘ Be sure you have, (t’ avoid being snar’d,)  
 ‘ The Medicines, by \*\*\*\*\* prepar’d.”  
 S——, † H-----s, P---t, men of worth;  
 Send out their B--ls, and there set forth,  
 ‘ Their P-yf--k cures V-n-r-al Ills;  
 ‘ So potent are their D--ps, or P--ls;

\* Dr. \*\*\*\*\* pretends to cure ten or a dozen disorders,  
 and calls his remedy, the most pleasant, safe, effectual,  
 and cheap medicine, ever invented.

† Dr. S——, says he cures the Ven. Dis. without  
 use of M-rc-ry; but with more ease, and safety, and at  
 a less expence, than any remedy, ever yet discovered.

Dr. H——s gives immediate ease, in the worst stage  
 of the Ven. Dis. with secrecy, safety, and makes a speedy  
 and a perfect cure, at an easy expence.

Dr. P—t, cures the Ven. Dis. and has had the honour  
 to attend most of the N-b-l-ty and G-n-ry through the  
 greatest part of Europe.

They

They equal, nay, perhaps outdo  
 M-cl---l-n's, \* K--k's, and Y-nk-r's too !  
 ' Mongst other never-failing Sl-ps,  
 ' P-r----n, and † M--t---l--r \*\*\*\*\*;  
 Twins in their make, two Nostrums sure,  
 ' Cheap! abf'lute! safe! and speedy Cure!  
 Their B--ls declare, which oft are sent  
 ' About with most humane Intent.  
 They both are one, as if you'd say,  
 'Tis not Day's Light, 'tis Light of Day:  
 Both B--ls in substance are the same,  
 The D---s but differ in the Name.  
 St-----'s, ‡ P--ha's, and F-----'s B--ls,  
 Declare their B-lus, Dr-gs, or P--ls,  
 ' So

\* Dr. M-----n, sells the most powerful, pleasant,  
 and effectual method of cure, ever yet discovered, for all  
 Ven. Complaints.

Dr. K-----, gives present ease, in the Ven. Dis. and  
 cures it in an easy, sure, and private manner: and cures  
 fix other disorders.

The Pr-f---n D-----r Y--k-r, has by tw--ty-f-v-n  
 y--rs close application, in the study and practice of  
 P-yf--k, discovered a happy, and infallible method of  
 curing all degrees of the Ven. Dis. without the use of  
 M-rc-r--ls. Vide all their H--d B--ls, and Advertise-  
 ments.

† The two venders of this inimitable, inestimable,  
 \*\*\*\*\* (as they call it,) declare it to be, the only abso-  
 lute, speedy, cheap, safe, and compleat C-re in the uni-  
 verse, for the F----h Dis.! without M-rc-ry in the  
 C-mp-f-t--n!

‡ Dr. S-----, after a pompous account of the efficacy  
 of the M-d-c-ne, says persons have been c--ed by it,  
 after S-l-v-t-on has failed.

‘ So efficacious are, they tell,  
 ‘ They cure what’s thought incurable !  
 W---, \* K-----, F-----r, dare t’ attack  
 ‘ The dreadful congregated Pack  
 ‘ Of Maladies, whose racking Train,  
 ‘ Give poor tormented Mortals Pain !  
 ‘ Whole scores of years (certain the fact is,)  
 ‘ D ---r T. F\*\*\*\* hath been in practice !  
 ‘ Effectually cures all degrees,  
 ‘ With safety, secrecy, and ease,  
 ‘ Of the disorder, Doctors call  
 ‘ The F----h, or the V-----l ;  
 ‘ On easy terms, by treatment fair,  
 ‘ And M-d-c-n-s that pleasant are.

Dr. F-----r, by long study, and experience, has discovered many sure, and uncommon secrets, to cure different disorders, though thought incurable.

Dr. P--ha has a new method, never known before ; the easiest, and safest way, of curing all sorts of Ven. Dis. This method has never failed, when S-l-v-t-on has proved ineffectual.

\* Dr. W——, cures about twelve disorders ; also the F----h Dis. by a course of M-d-c-n-s, which has taken effect when S-l-v-t-on has failed.

The f-m-us Dr. K----, (as he calls himself,) by study, experience, and daily practice, has attained a sure, and perfect method, of curing with the greatest ease, and safety, all degrees of the F----h Dis. and continues to cure ten or eleven other disorders, in a manner peculiar to himself.

Dr. F-----r, gives present ease, to all afflicted with the F-----h Dis. and has discovered many sure, and uncommon secrets, to cure ten or eleven other dreadful internal, and external disorders, though thought incurable ! He knows by the ur-ne the person’s disorder !

‘ V--n-rs

‘ V--n-rs has been, if he says true,  
 ‘ F--ld M-d-cus since f--ty-two :  
 ‘ He and his W--e both blest’d with Skill,  
 ‘ By U--ne know the Patient’s ill :  
 ‘ Seven th--f--nd l--gues, this wond’rous man,  
 ‘ Has travell’d, since he first began  
 ‘ Death’s num’rous forces to repel ;  
 ‘ Sev’n l-ng--ges he speaks full well !  
 ‘ His P-yf--k has such magic pow’r,  
 ‘ It cures the G--t in half an hour !  
 A greater Doctor next appears,  
 ‘ G---gfl--n-r ! who, for many years,  
 ‘ Has been a belligerent man,  
 ‘ Gainst Death and all his morbid Clan !  
 ‘ Thro’ German lands, and Europe’s borders,  
 ‘ Has cur’d whole thousands of disorders !  
 There never was before a finer,  
 ‘ Priviledg’d examin’d M-ner !  
 ‘ D-nt-ft, and Op. r-tor fam’d ;  
 ‘ Ph-f-c-an, Oc--l-ft, D----r nam’d !  
 ‘ ‘Bout nat’ral Ails, (whoe’er has got ‘em,)  
 ‘ The Doctrix, Mistress Vanderbottom,  
 ‘ Will fit, and with the L-d-es chatter,  
 And handle Galen like the matter.  
 He trades like many more we see,  
 In great Infallibility !  
 ‘ He has a Remedy most sure,  
 ‘ Which will the falling sickness cure !  
 ‘ Th’ Arcanum precious too is his,  
 ‘ For those who cannot freely \*\*\*\* !  
 ‘ A most mirac’lous Balsam, he  
 ‘ Has got for Male Debility !

\* And

‘ And one, infallible as Fate,  
 ‘ To make the b-rr-n generate !  
 ‘ By persons Ur-ne he will tell ‘em,  
 ‘ What morbid Plagues of late beset ‘em !  
 ‘ Shou’d the whole Faculty declare,  
 ‘ You’re cureless grown, and quite despair  
 ‘ Your Constitution craz’d to mend,  
 ‘ Will you this wond’rous Man attend,  
 ‘ He’ll take you up abandon’d so !  
 Medea like, your Health renew !  
 As she gave Jason’s fire again,  
 Brisk purpled Youth in ev’ry Vein !  
 ‘ B---y, and L---i, let us know,  
 ‘ At N-mb-r N--e, in B-nh-l Row,  
 ‘ They dwell, and either of the two  
 ‘ Can such strange Feats of healing do  
 You’d think they cou’d perform more than  
 Th’ above nam’d famous M-ner can.  
 These three perform so much the same,  
 That raze from ev’ry bill the name,  
 Each Doctor may declare this Bill,  
 Proclaims my Practice, and my Skill.  
 ‘ In Ed---d street, Madam D-l--t,  
 ‘ Behind L--d F-l-y’s house has got  
 ‘ A Cure infallible, t’ allay,  
 ‘ And drive Rheumatic Pains away !  
 ‘ And for the Gravel, and the Stone,  
 ‘ An extraordinary one !  
 ‘ Her printed Papers likewise tell ye,  
 ‘ Shou’d Hydrops tumify the Belly;  
 ‘ Or else to speak in English plain,  
 ‘ Shou’d swelling Dropsy give you pain,

‘ So

‘ So cleverly she can contrive it,  
 ‘ She has a certain Cure to drive it !  
 ‘ The famous Mistress S--pf-n gives  
 ‘ The Public notice where she lives;  
 ‘ And thinks it is her Duty too,  
 ‘ To set her Merits forth to view :  
 ‘ A sage Ph-f-c-an’s D--ght-r she,  
 ‘ To his late P-l-sh M-j--ty !  
 ‘ She comes, to give Sight, Ease, and Health,  
 To Britons, for some English Wealth !  
 ‘ For Price so small as but one Sh-l--ng,  
 ‘ To give Advice she’s very willing !  
 ‘ If in the Bladder, or the Reins,  
 ‘ A rugged vexing st-ne remains,  
 ‘ This Doctrix, who from B-rl-n came,  
 ‘ Infallibly dissolves the same !  
 A B--l set forth in Letters red,  
 With M-t--m-ny at its Head,  
 ‘ A Nostrum most profound and rare !  
 ‘ To make the b-r--n L-d--s bear !  
 ‘ And M--tr--s G——n passes for  
 ‘ Th’ Inventor, and Proprietor.  
 ‘ We’re told the Secret is unknown  
 ‘ To all Mankind, but Her alone ;  
 ‘ And that she may to Practice win ye,  
 ‘ She does the Job for one poor G----- !  
 ‘ At least she makes ye in a trice,  
 ‘ A P--k-t up, and that’s the Price !  
 ‘ ’Tis for the purpose made so fit,  
 ‘ ’Twas never known to fail as yet !  
 ‘ After they’d search’d whole scores of shops,  
 ‘ And swallow’d Loads of useless Sl-ps,

‘ So

‘ So great its Virtue, such its Worth,  
 ‘ This has brought many young ones forth !  
 Let all, who wish they cou’d enjoy  
 The blessing of a G--l, or B-y,  
 To H----n G----n straight repair,  
 And treat with M--tr-s G----n there ;  
 Tho’ steril as a Lump of Clay,  
 She’ll take that frigid Cause away !  
 Give genial Heat, and by and by,  
 Will make the L-d--s fructify !  
 And smiling cry their B-b-s caressing,  
 ’Tis M--tr--s G---n’s lovely blessing !  
 The Empire, France, and Italy,  
 And Prussia, in this point agree,  
 We are a race at best, short-sighted ;  
 Therefore by hopes of gain invited,  
 From sev’ral Capitals to mend us,  
 They Doctors, and Doctrices send us.  
 ‘ As B-rl-n, Mistrefs S--pf-n sends,  
 ‘ And D----r Y----r here attends ;  
 ‘ As P-r-s, and more distant R--e,  
 ‘ Physicians send, (so far from home ;)  
 ‘ As one from G--t-ng, (far from hence,)  
 ‘ Three Months will make his residence  
 ‘ On English ground, and whilst he stays,  
 ‘ Will brighten up our gloomy Days ;  
 ‘ And as Pr-f-f-r H-lm-r will,  
 ‘ One Month ’mongst us, exert his Skill,  
 ‘ Who thousands hath illum’d, before  
 ‘ He set his foot on Britain’s shore !  
 ‘ And begs you’ll come, but not a few,  
 ‘ The first two weeks, from Nine till Two,  
 ‘ To

' To feel his Joy restoring Hand,  
 ' Before he quits Britannia's Land.  
 Britons can have no cause for fear,  
 So much each foreign Doctor's care.  
 Emerging from Obscurity,  
 You shall illuminated be !  
 Tho' all your Nerves so dull were found,  
 As Moles, which live deep under ground ;  
 Your Faculties shall not be less,  
 Than Lynxes, Eagles, Hawks possess !  
 In almost ev'ry B--l you see,  
 Each He P-yf-c-an, and each She,  
 ' Deals in Infallibility !  
 ' Against each Symptom they declare,  
 ' And make the Body fresh, and fair !  
 ' When Men unskill'd have done you Harm,  
 ' Their P-yf--k has such potent Charm,  
 ' That oftentimes it has prevail'd,  
 ' When flannel'd S-l-v-t-on fail'd !  
 ' Has no M-rc-r-als, (that they'll prove,)  
 ' No: not a Grain: (they'll swear by Jove!)  
 ' Through all your Frame; like Pins to dart,  
 ' And lacerate each tender Part !  
 ' But are as mollient, safe, and mild,  
 ' As Plumbs, and Cakes, you'd give a Child !  
 ' It holds no Parleys, or Debates ;  
 ' But Root, and Branch, eradicates  
 ' The Venom, with resistless Action,  
 ' And on the Seeds of Putrefaction,  
 ' A Coppy of Ejectment serves ;  
 ' From Blood, and Marrow, Bones, and Nerves,

It drives it in a gen'ral Rout,  
 As Landlords turn bad Tenants out !  
 ' Some say they wou'd be understood,  
 ' To publish this for public Good !  
 ' Some beg for Health's sake, you'd be sure,  
 ' As well as Certainty of Cure,  
 ' To buy their D---s, well patenteed,  
 ' By which you may be cur'd with Speed ;  
 For which the Public shou'd bestow  
 Thanks, on the D-----r, and his Co.  
 Some B--ls which you receive, you find  
 ' V-r-tas Pr-v-l-at sign'd :  
 And some, this pompous Motto bear,  
 ' By Tr--h all things establisht are.  
 One says, to prove his B--l no jest is,  
 ' Viventes adhibeo Testes !  
 ' Guard against Q-----g Ph-f--k Venders,  
 ' Self-fam'd, infallible Pretenders,  
 ' Which now in ev'ry Corner swarm,  
 ' Another says, (to do you harm ;)   
 The P-----ng Corners, ('tis most clear)  
 He means, where Swarms of B--ls appear.  
 ' He seems most earnestly to pray,  
 ' Let not the C-r-age Man betray,  
 ' With that stale B--t, no C-re, no P-y.  
 ' One says that some have basely acted,  
 ' And Words significant extracted  
 ' From his H--d B--ls, but all in vain,  
 ' They know not what the Phrases mean.  
 ' Beware of Him with his Oration,  
 ' Says one, about the C-r-n-t-on;

And

‘ And shun the fatal Resolution,  
 ‘ Of suff’ring famous Execution !  
 ‘ Some Men declare they’ve D----rs been  
 ‘ Years forty, fifty, or sev’nteen ;  
 ‘ Some fifteen, sixteen, twenty eight,  
 ‘ Have put the F----h D-f--se to flight !  
 Such Persons to their Shops to bring,  
 As may have felt the G-ll-c sting,  
 ‘ Some give this Invitation strong ;  
 ‘ By Study, and Experience long,  
 They have a greater Progress made  
 Than others, in the P----k Trade.  
 ‘ One says he cures in fifteen Days,  
 ‘ Or thereabout, the \*\*\*\*\* :  
 ‘ A Gent sends out a fine Oration,  
 ‘ Of S-cr-ts from a kind R-l-t-on :  
 ‘ Another Ur--e boils, to gain  
 ‘ The P-t--nts respite from their Pain !  
 By one, we are full well assur’d,  
 ‘ He has almost a T---f--d cur’d :  
 ‘ Another, has a C-re compleated  
 ‘ For ten hundreds, thrice repeated !  
 Some, boldly this the Public tell,  
 ‘ Strong, active, healthy, brisk, and well ;  
 ‘ Thousands in being may be seen,  
 ‘ Which long ere this had worms meat been ;  
 ‘ Had not their potent saving Art,  
 ‘ Arrested Death’s tremendous Dart ;  
 ‘ Or else repell’d th’ unwelcome Guest,  
 ‘ Of each Avenue long possess !  
 And One, his Merit to enhance,  
 ‘ Declares he lately came from F---ce,

‘ To cure F----h \*\*\*; another, He,  
 ‘ Came from the Un-v-rs-ty!  
 ‘ Beware of Q----s designing harm,  
 ‘ One says, which in the City swarm;  
 ‘ All T-y-shop M-d-c-nes despise,  
 ‘ By P-t-nt sold, or otherwise;  
 ‘ The wretched C-mp-nds, form’d of late,  
 ‘ By Schemers, most illiterate!  
 ‘ Scorn hidden D----rs, without name;  
 ‘ But chief, that D----r of ill fame;  
 ‘ (That Fellow is he dares t’ advance,)  
 ‘ A perjur’d V-g-b-nd from \*\*\*\*\*:  
 (The G--l-ws he deserves to meet,)  
 ‘ That N-wg-te B--d, in B. C. f----t.  
 ‘ Beware the Wretch, in B--d’s L--e, call’d  
 ‘ Both miserable, poor, and scall’d!  
 ‘ Nor let that B--l disperfer chouse,  
 ‘ With P--ls most j--tly inf-m--s!  
 ‘ Be not by base Pretenders mock’d!  
 ‘ Nor be into Destruction Rock’d!  
 For which the Public shou’d give ——,  
 To this egregious D----r ——.  
 ‘ Some, with humane, and friendly Care,  
 ‘ Desire the Public to beware,  
 ‘ Of \*\*\*\*\* , with their pretended skill;  
 ‘ And beg you’ll disregard each Bill,  
 ‘ Where lying Cants, no C-re, no P-y,  
 ‘ And f-ls-me P--fs, the \*\*\*\*\* betray.  
 ‘ Let not M-ch-n-c D----rs seize ye,  
 ‘ And with pernicious Nostrums teize ye!  
 ‘ Who fix on P-fts, to public view,  
 ‘ G-tes, W-lls, and P-fs--g C-rn-rs too,  
 ‘ Their

' Their Snares ; and pompously set forth,  
 ' Their salutary Skill, and Worth !  
 ' Nor let L. M. D. M. prevail,  
 (Tack'd to each Nostrum Vender's Tail,)  
 ' With paltry Rhimes, and L-t-n scraps,  
 ' To draw you to their P-y---k Traps ;  
 For which these regular Advisers,  
 (These Caution-giving Q---k Despisers,)  
 Deserve so many Thanks, as can  
 Be giv'n by each fore caution'd man.  
 Thus, p-ff-ng one against another,  
 And holding up each Q-----g Br-th-r,  
 With gen'rous indignation fir'd,  
 Pro Bono Publico inspir'd ;  
 Some have declar'd their sole design,  
 Is f---df-l \*\*\*\*\* to countermine ;  
 As if no other Person cou'd  
 Compose a Dose that's half so good.  
 So have I seen ducks make a flutter,  
 In a dirty pond, or gutter ;  
 After a Gut, voracious scud,  
 And fling on neighb'ring ducks the mud ;  
 The morsel gorg'd, they frisk'd about,  
 And \*\*\*\*\* , \*\*\*\*\* , \*\*\*\*\* , each duck bawl'd out.  
 But here I'd not be understood,  
 As if I meant no P-y---k good ;  
 Because I for amusement chose,  
 To versify some humble Prose,  
 Which in H--d B--ls abroad was sent ;  
 No doubt with most humane Intent,  
 By Sons of Galen, Men of Skill,  
 Whom Mole-ey'd Fortune uses ill ;  
Compelling

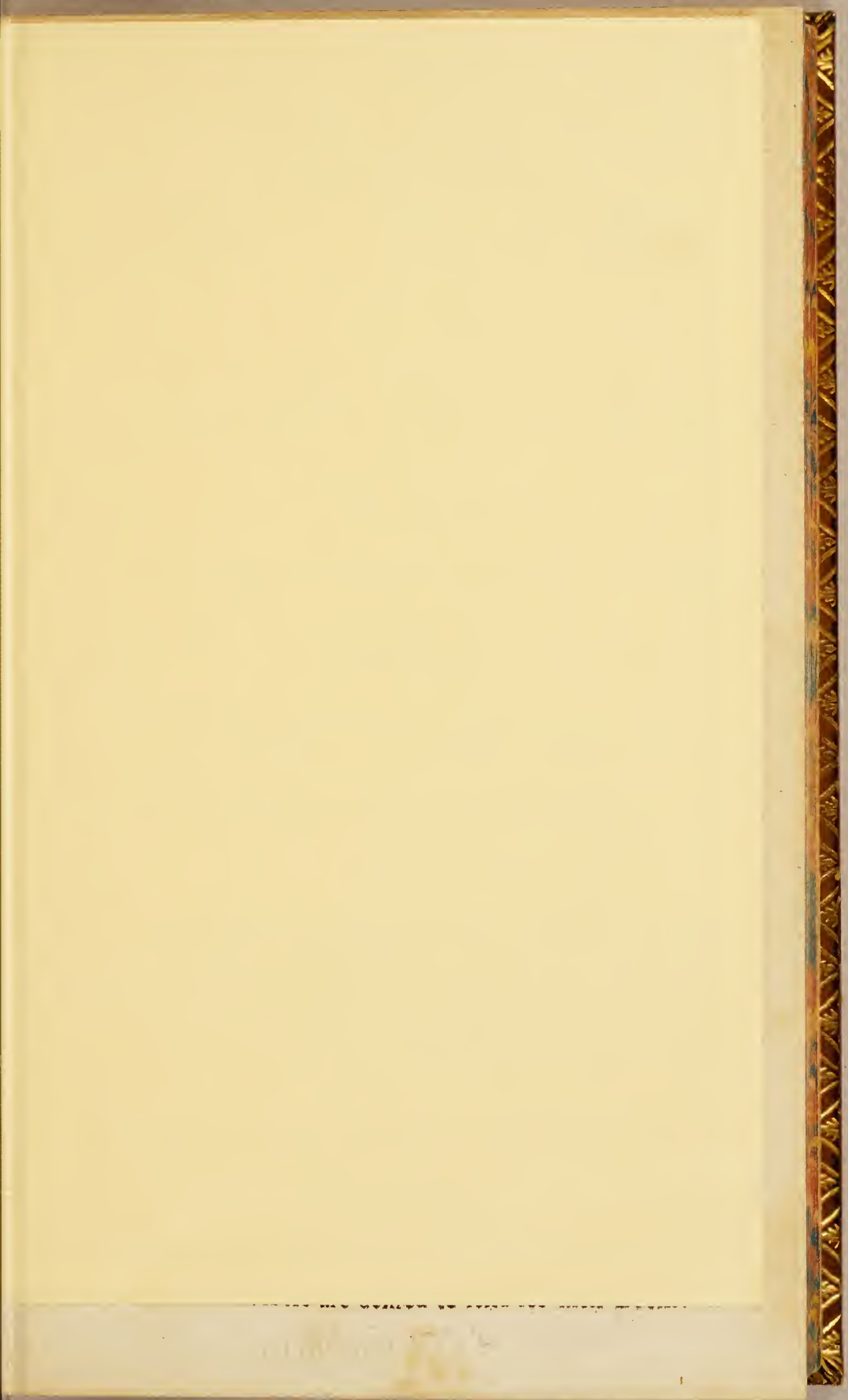
Compelling them to trumpet forth,  
 ‘ Their own amazing Skill, and Worth !  
 ‘ That all receiving Injury,  
 ‘ To regular bred Men might flee ;  
 ‘ Enough in London to be had ;  
 And sure that Person must be mad,  
 Who would not follow their Advice,  
 Altho’ he paid a treble Price,  
 To men of Character, and Fame ;  
 Who scorn to prostitute the Name ;  
 The noble Name, by learning gain’d,  
 At College legally obtain’d ;  
 And fix it up on ev’ry P-ft,  
 To countenance a f---d-f-l B--ft !  
 I shall say nought of ‘ Human Br--th,  
 ‘ The grand Preservative from D---h ;  
 ‘ Nor those, who think that Thing to be,  
 ‘ The Cause of their Longevity :  
 Nor shall my Lines Tincture display,  
 ‘ Celestial Ab Origine !  
 Tinctures, and Pills, I shall pass by,  
 Which make the Chronic Mischief fly ;  
 And shall omit th’ exalted Theme  
 ‘ Of Pills, from Sol’s refulgent Beam !  
 Nor shall the Virtues be related  
 ‘ Of S-l-r M-rc-ry, an-m-t-d !  
 Nor shall I here transcribe, and add,  
 Elixirs, whether good, or bad ;  
 Drops, Pect’rals, Essences, and Pills,  
 Proclaiming all their Authors Skills ;  
 \*\*\*\*\*

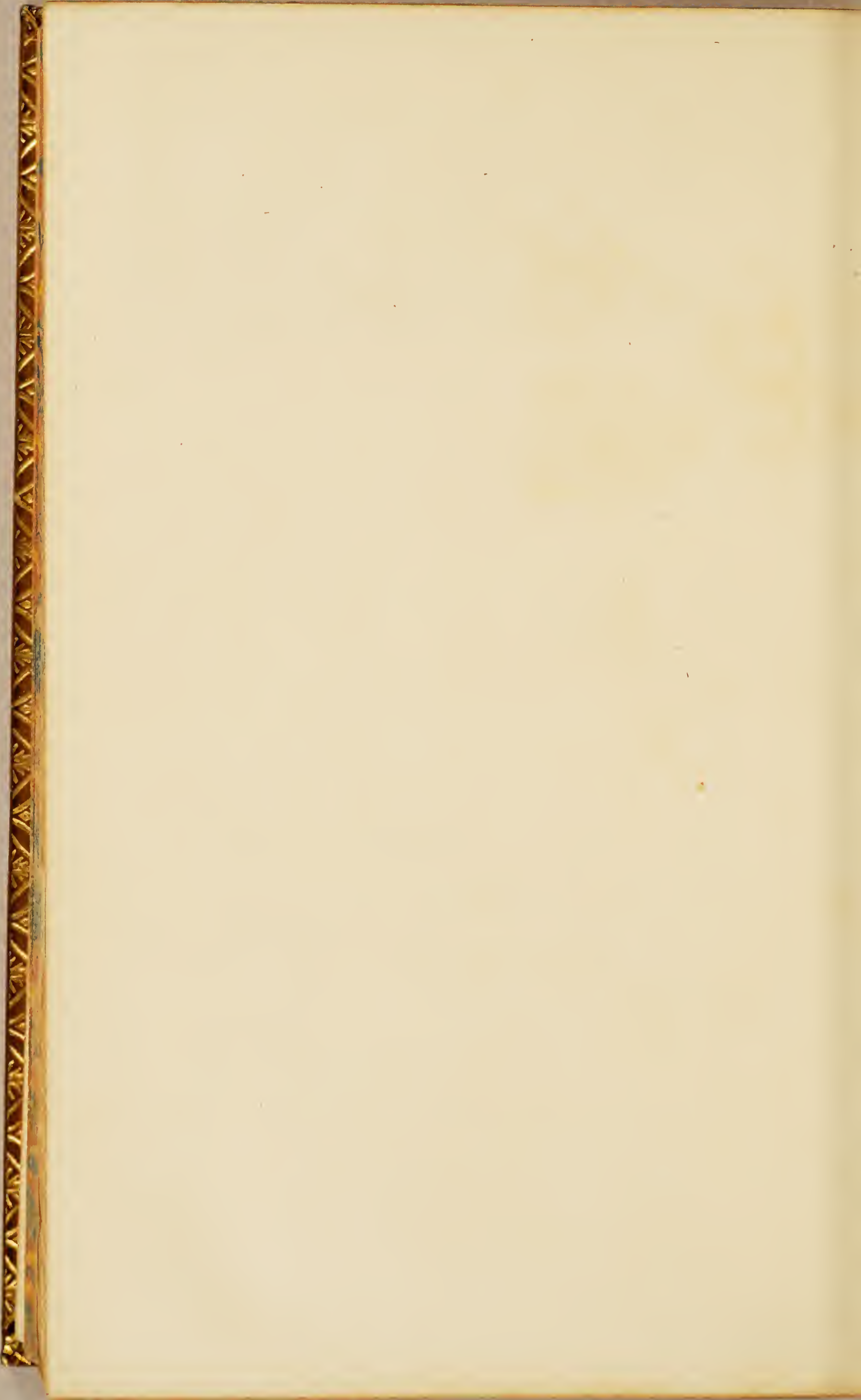
Since

Since all may read whene'er they chuse,  
 Their Names, and Virtues, in the News.  
 The Cap is down among you thrown;  
 Is any conscious 'tis his own,  
 Or that it was for him cut out,  
 To put that thing beyond a doubt,  
 Then let him try it, if 'twill suit,  
 The Cap is his without dispute.  
 If Scholars, and Mechanics, ape  
 The Merry Andrews, dress'd in Crape;  
 If S-rg--ns, and P-yf-c--ns, will  
 In Q-----g strains, display their Skill;  
 And their performances relate,  
 As if they came from Billingsgate;  
 Insert in H--d B--ls, and the News,  
 Such Terms, as b-se Pr-t-nd-rs use;  
 (Fit, only for the common Stews :)  
 They've none besides themselves to blame,  
 Because the Public gives the Name  
 Of \*\*\*\*\* to them, who chuse t' express  
 Their sentiments, in Q--p---g Drefs.

F I N I S.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a historical document or manuscript. The text is arranged in several lines, though the handwriting is somewhat faded and difficult to decipher. It appears to be a formal or legal document, possibly a deed or a contract, given the structure and the use of capital letters at the beginning of some lines. The text is written in a dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.





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